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FORGOT HER BABY.

Excited Woman Rushes From Burning House With Clothes Only.

NEW YORK, Dec. 26.—Mrs. Rebecca Siegel of East New York became so excited during a fire in her flat yesterday which broke out while she was bathing her six months old infant that she seized a bundle of baby clothes, thinking that the child was tucked safely inside only to find to her chagrin and horror when she reached the street that the bundle was empty. A man hearing her screams that the child was in the burning building, rushed in and found the baby seated contentedly in the bath tub, cooing happily and splashing the water while the flames cracked about the room. The rescuer and baby were unscathed.

If You Are a Trifle Sensitive About the size of your shoes, it's some satisfaction to know that many people can wear shoes a size smaller by sprinkling Allen's Foot-Ease into them. Just the thing for Dancing Parties, Patent Leather Shoes, and for breaking in New Shoes. When rubbers or overshoes become necessary and your shoes pinch, Allen's Foot-Ease gives instant relief. Sold Everywhere, 25c. Sample FREE. Address: Allen S. Olmstead, Le Roy, N. Y. Don't accept any substitute.

The Palace Restaurant.

Any phase of hunger can be daintily gratified at any hour of the day or night at the Palace Restaurant. The kitchen and dining room service are of the positive best. Private dining rooms for ladies. One call inspires regular custom. Try it. Commercial street, opposite Page building.

This is Worth Reading.

Leo F. Zelinski, of 68 Gibson St., Buffalo, N. Y., says: "I cured the most annoying cold sore I ever had, with Bucklen's Arnica Salve. I applied this salve once a day for two days, when every trace of the sore was gone." Heals all sores. Sold under guarantee at Charles Rogers & Son's drug store. 25c.

SPORTS ON WAR VESSEL.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 26.—A Marathon race was the feature of the Christmas celebration held yesterday on board the monitor Wyoming which is lying in the harbor awaiting to be christened the Cheyenne on New Year's eve. Eleven sailors entered the race, but only two finished the full course. The huge deck of the monitor made a track of 130 yards to the lan. J. H. White, the winner, proved himself a star in the other contests which were held during the afternoon.

Muscular Pains Cured.

"During the summer of 1903 I was trouble with muscular pains in the instep of my foot," says Mr. S. Pedlar, of Toronto, Ont. "At times it was so painful I could hardly walk. Chamberlain's Pain Balm was recommended to me, so I tried it and was completely cured by one small bottle. I have since recommended it to several of my friends, all of whom speak highly of it." For sale by Frank Hart and leading druggists.

TO CLEAN AUGUEAN STABLES.

PITTSBURG, Dec. 26.—It is said that Andrew Carnegie has put up about \$150,000 in order to clean Pittsburgh up morally, following the municipal bribery scandal. The story told in the fashionable Dequesne Club and the Pittsburgh Club is that the same men who told Pittsburgh conditions to President Roosevelt also went to Andrew Carnegie and laid an array of facts before him. The result according to rumor, was that he authorized expenditure of \$150,000 in the detective work, etc. He is said to take the same stand that Mr. Spreckels did in cleaning up San Francisco.

More people are taking Foley's Kidney Remedy every year. It is considered to be the most effective remedy for kidney and bladder troubles that medical science can devise. Foley's Kidney Remedy corrects irregularities, builds up worn out tissues and restores lost vitality. It will make you feel well and look well. T. F. Laurin, Owl Drug Store

John Rossiter's Christmas Present.

By GEORGE H. PICARD.

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WHEN Allen Armitage died, which he did suddenly on his sixtieth birthday, everybody wondered what would become of Janet—pretty, irresponsible Janet, his young wife. She had been Armitage's wife since her eighteenth birthday. He had not made up his mind to marry until he was past fifty.

Although he was sufficiently alert as to the main chance in business dealings, Armitage had not been markedly successful in his ventures. The year before his death he discovered a promising bed of fire clay on a piece of land which he owned on the outskirts of the village, and he made up his mind to exploit it to his own advantage. He had little ready money, and he mortgaged his real estate to the limit to obtain the means to float the enterprise. Before it began to yield an appreciable return he was beyond the need of it. It was a promising undertaking—all Crosskill admitted it—but that did not restrain her friends from wondering as to the probable future of Janet.

They had not long to speculate. The day after the funeral Janet told Tom Masterson, her father, who was at least ten years the junior of her late husband, that she intended to devote all her energies to the development of the brickyard. Tom knew from past experience that it would be fruitless to object, but he did and in the course of the argument which followed became so earnest in his opposition that he was led to apply to his daughter an epithet against the use of which the Scriptures are notably explicit.

"I'm not a fool," she dissented promptly, "and now that I have a chance I'm going to demonstrate the fact."

Janet did demonstrate it, and the way she did it was a revelation. In less than two years after she assumed control of the brickmaking business it became so profitable that she was able to pay off all the indebtedness. Then she proceeded to enlarge the plant and to improve the quality of her product. Almost before she realized it she had a most gratifying credit at the village bank. Owing to the superior nature of her product the demand for Janet's wares became greater than she could supply. The man whom she employed as superintendent turned out to be a veritable treasure, and under his honest and clever management there existed the most perfect harmony between the small army of Italian brick-makers and their capable employer.

Before she was thirty-five Janet had become the village magnate. Prosperity and the outdoor life had done great things for her. She had developed into a noble woman, freed from the trivialities which had been a part of her girlhood and endowed with that completed comeliness which is never within the grasp of the very young. So she seemed to everybody who knew her and more especially to John Rossiter.



"WHY DID YOU, THEN?" SHE DEMANDED ILLOGICALLY.

ter, the cashier of the village bank, who had loved her since the very day on which he might do so legitimately and who had told her so as quickly thereafter as decency would permit.

At the time Rossiter's declaration had not impressed Janet profoundly, nor had she at any subsequent period found her persistent admirer more engrossing than the business of brick-making. Until she should, she assured herself and everybody else who broached the subject, it would be folly to make any change in her way of living. She admitted, to herself only, that John was a man among a thousand, and it was not at all disagreeable to have him fond of her. She had demonstrated, however, that she was abundantly able to look after her own interests, and that fact alone should entitle her to immunity from such a sentimental position as that which John seemed anxious to have her occupy. She liked him well enough, but—

The time came when Janet believed that she hated him. It was the day when she learned that he had given up his position at the bank and had or-

jected a company for the purpose of converting the traprock of Duke mountain into gravel for commercial uses. At first she refused to credit the story. It seemed incredible that any one who had been born within the shadow of Duke mountain, the historic landmark which made Crosskill distinguished for something nobler than the quality of its fire clay, could be guilty of such vandalism.

It was true, however, and when Janet realized fully that John Rossiter and his company had actually obtained possession of the river side of the mountain and were preparing to erect a stone crushing plant and to install an army of Sicilian diggers at the foot of the beetling height she was shocked and indignant. There was justification sufficient for her wrath. Less than two years previously she had bought a piece of land abutting on the mountain and had built thereon a handsome house in which she had settled herself comfortably with the assurance that no uncongenial neighbor could ever harass her from the mountain side. That the unforeseen was actually imminent and, above all, that John Rossiter should be its agent made her desperate. She resolved that it should not be.

So she went to him with her avalanche of protests and reproaches. To her surprise and infinite chagrin she was unable to lodge them effectively. He listened with admirable gallantry, but Janet Armitage realized before she had launched a tithe of her argument that John Rossiter had made up his mind.

"I couldn't—nobody could—have believed you capable of such—such an awful desecration!" she declared, with a manifest intention to put him on the defensive.

"I hated to do it," he confessed soberly. "I really did."

"Why did you, then?" she demanded illogically.

"I must have money," he replied simply.

"One needs very little in Crosskill," she said. "You certainly must need it very much to be tempted to do what you expect. It must be another case of life or death."

"Oh, hardly as bad as that!" He laughed rather uneasily. Then his face sobered and his voice became lower and somewhat unsteady. "It might not seem necessary to another man, but it does to me. Shall I tell you all about it, Janet?"

"No," she returned hastily. "I must decline to have anything to do with such a detestable thing."

"Then we must let it go at that," he said, with a quick resumption of his business manner. "Let it stand that I want money for precisely the same reasons that influence the average man—for a steam yacht, a house in Fifth avenue, a castle in—in Killarney, a—"

Janet did not remain to hear further. At day, but still unvanquished, she retired and from that day gave herself up unreservedly to the task of frustrating the design of the traprock company. The weight of public sentiment was with her, and she manipulated it in every possible manner that her ingenuity could suggest.

Nothing was of the slightest avail. The big crushing machinery came up the river in sections, was unloaded at the foot of the mountain and put together and began at once its merciless reduction of the picturesque outcrop which had been loosened by the mighty fulminations and sharp pickaxes of the gang of dwarfs and noisy Palermians that had camped just without Janet's inclosure.

It was a trying period for Janet Armitage. She was the most wretched woman in Crosskill when she knew that she should have been the happiest. She was the prey of contending emotions. It almost crushed her to be brought face to face with the knowledge that the power to make her supremely unhappy had been delegated to any one, and it grieved and humiliated her inexpressibly that the person delegated should have been John Rossiter. Most exasperating of all was the tardy conviction—unwelcome, yet unmistakable—that the man who had brought her to this extremity of discomfort was dearer to her than life itself.

All this came home to her with tremendous significance as she sat alone at her dinner on Christmas day. Everything seemed strangely unreal. The season itself was as unlike the typical holiday time as it well could be. Thus far there had not lodged a single snowflake on the hemlocks to herald the approach of winter. The air was soft and balmy, and there was a hazy lull in it that suggested a belated Indian summer. The unseasonableness of the weather was positively disquieting. It was impossible to fit the Christmas essentials into the scene.

"Open the windows, Beppo—wide open!" she called out to a half grown boy who stood looking in on her from the veranda outside. "It's positively stifling." Beppo was a swarthy Sicilian lad whom she had rescued from the mountain gang and befriended and who was repaying her for her protection with a devotion that was almost tragic in its earnestness.

Beppo threw open the unlatched door windows and stood in one of them in an attitude of rapt admiration. There was nothing at all reserved about Beppo. His effusiveness was a thing to be dreaded and repressed. Standing framed in the tall window, he seemed to Janet to be especially out of place and melodramatic. It irritated her to see him standing there, so suggestive of an opera chorus or a trumpety Neapolitan figurine. It was all very well, she told herself, to have him about when he was a starved and helpless waif left to shift for himself, but now—really she must send him down to the yards to see if anything could be made of him.

Then she saw John Rossiter coming along the river road on his way up the mountain. If it had annoyed her to see how strong and handsome Beppo was growing it was even more disturbing to discover that her arch enemy had lost something of his old time erectness of figure and lightness of step. She even fancied that he was looking worn and that he was less particular in his personal appearance than usual. As he passed the house he saw Janet and raised his hat politely. She bowed frigidly in return and called out sharply to Beppo:

"Close those windows! It's frightfully chilly in here!"

Beppo closed them, himself on the inside. He advanced slowly, with the most theatric and unnatural progression, now and then half turning to shake his clinched fist in the direction



"I HAVE COME TO OFFER YOU A CHRISTMAS GIFT."

of the fast receding figure of the man who was beginning to ascend the mountain.

"No more! Never more!" he hissed mysteriously.

Janet was speechless with astonishment. She was familiar with the lad's heroics, but really this was something out of the ordinary.

"Dis night-a," continued Beppo in a sibilant whisper, "he mus-a die!"

"Now, what do you mean?" Janet demanded sternly, with the evident intention of getting at the bottom of the matter. "Sit right down in that chair and tell me without any more nonsense."

For a reply Beppo drew his hand across his throat and gurgled suggestively.

Janet was beginning to be seriously alarmed. She knew that the youngster was emotional to the verge of absurdity and that he was not to be depended upon in an emergency. She had discovered that he had a passion for exaggeration, but it seemed to her that there must be something real about this.

"Beppo," she commanded in a tone that left no alternative, "do as I tell you!"

Thus brought to terms, the young Sicilian whispered a tale of contemplated assassination and robbery that would have been a veritable boon to one of the operatic maestri of the last generation. Three men of the mountain gang, he declared, had plotted to murder and rob John Rossiter on that very Christmas night, knowing that he would be alone in his office on the mountain. Beppo gave all the details of the dastardly business with the most ingenious explication and seemed to expect Janet to share his enthusiasm over the removal of her enemy.

Janet did not stop to sift the matter. It was sufficient for her that the man she loved was threatened by a danger which she might avert. She did not hesitate a moment. Distrusting Beppo, she feigned satisfaction at the prospect of so soon being rid of her enemy and sent the boy to the village on an errand. As soon as he was out of sight she left her house and began to ascend the mountain as quickly as she could.

Half an hour later she stood at the open door of Rossiter's cabin and face to face with its occupant.

"Janet," he asked her doubtfully, "are you actually here?"

"Yes," she returned breathlessly and without looking at him at all. "I have come to offer you a Christmas gift."

He looked at her amazedly, but did not speak.

"I have come to offer you your life."

"I don't understand; really I do not, Janet," he said helplessly.

Then she told him Beppo's story. He heard it to the end without a word of comment. When she had finished he sighed long and deeply.

"I am disappointed," he said, with a curious little quaver in his voice. "I am disappointed in my Christmas present. I hoped—I thought perhaps it might be something better."

"What is better than life?"

"You are—far better," he declared audaciously.

Janet knew that the long conflict was ended, and the knowledge lit the weight from her heart.

"If you really believe anything of that sort, John," she began.

"I forgot to tell you that there isn't a word of truth in your precious Beppo's story," John said as they were descending the mountain. "Why, the very men he named are in the village looking up at the present moment—too much holiday, you know. I saw them as I came up from the train. They are all good workmen, and in the morning I shall go down and pay their fines and get them out of libbo."

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